

Ending

by Writer of the Unknown

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Summary: How it ended, and how it could have ended.

Ending

"The scar had not pained Harry for nineteen years. All was well."
Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows by J.K. Rowling.

or...

And then Harry woke up back in his cupboard to the sound of Aunt Petunia banging on the door demanding he make breakfast. The sound of the television show Dudley was watching blared in the background. He stared up at the stairs above him and his heart ached and he was soon reduced to tears.

He opened the door to the cupboard wiping away his tears. He glanced at the pile of mail on the floor in front of the door. Hope swelled in his chest. He picked them up and shuffled through them and he was flooded with despair. It had all been just a dream. A wonderful, incredible dream.

or...

Harry woke up to a soft kind voice.

"Wake up, Harry," the voice said. "Today's the big day."

Then a louder voice announced "come on, son. Up and at 'em.'"

Harry opened his tired eyes to the faces of his parents, Lily and James Potter. Both with smiles on their faces. Harry jumped out of bed and hugged his mom tight. Because in his dream she was gone, they both were. And the dream had lasted much too long. He felt like he hadn't seen them in years.

"I love you, Mom," Harry said. James wrapped his arms around Lily and Harry. "I love you, Dad."

"We love you so much, Harry," Lily whispered to her quivering son. Tears slipped down his cheeks. Lily wiped the tears from her sons cheeks and kissed him on the forehead.

"What's wrong, honey," she asked.

"I had a wonderful dream, but it was also full of awful nightmares," Harry said. "But it's over." _and I'm ready to start again, _Harry thought.

"Now, are you ready to go to Hogwarts?" James said with a grin.

He was ready to go to Hogwarts and meet his two new best friends he knew he was sure to meet, but maybe they wouldn't be quite so new to him. They would be old friends he got to meet again.

"Yeah," Harry said glancing over at his trunk and owl in the corner. It was a snowy owl that he hadn't named yet, but now it had a name.

End
file.